

Noble Team Prologue

by AlphaQUp

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Characters: Carter-A259/Noble One, Catherine-B320/Kat/Noble Two, Emile-A239/Noble Four, SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

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Summary: My first fanfiction submittal and my first real fan fiction, I plan to make this a novella, basically it follows Noble Team from the Deliver Hope commercial all the way to the end of Halo: Reach.

NOTICE: Spoiler alert if you haven't played/finished Reach

Noble Team Prologue

Prologue

-Operation Deliver Hope-

=Classified Top-Secret= *Eyes-Only Clearance*

Mission Report NT63A-1 Location: (CLASSIFIED) Date: (CLASSIFIED)

>Objective: Defend Colony<p>

Thom-B293

Thom's head pounded. He had been fighting for the last 10 years of his life. Day after day, week after week, the Covenant advanced further into UNSC territory, killing hundreds of thousands of soldiers and slaughtering the helpless civilians of each planet they attacked. The problem wasn't on the ground. Hell, the Spartans could have held each and every planet that had been invaded. But then the Covenant won the battle in space and glassed the planet. God, he hated glassing. Millions of helpless civilians, unable to escape the planet in time, blasted by the bombardment or suffocated in the following vacuum as the atmosphere burned away. The pounding in his head increased, his rage clouding his vision for a second before he smashes his fist into a wall. The rest of the Spartans glance over at him, their body language showing their curiosity over such an outburst. Kat walks over and pats his arm, then returns to her work

trying to raise comms with Command. Carter glances over at him and asks, "You going to be alright Thom?"

Thom nods, his anger under control. Carter returns to the holographic interface, displaying a tactical map of the battlefield. It isn't looking good, with marines being pushed back or surrounded and killed all along the defensive line, the Spartans are needed everywhere. They can only be in one place at a time and they have to choose where they go carefully. Emile is sharpening his kukri in the corner, muttering something about Jorge's state of mind. Jorge is checking his gear, replacing a broken seal that blew last mission then stripping and cleaning his heavy machine gun. The M247H is normally mounted on a tripod but Jorge is massive enough to hold and fire it easily with one arm.

A SPARTAN-II, Jorge was recalled from the frontline by ONI and assigned to the SPARTAN-III squad, which was comprised of the only survivors of Alpha and Beta Companies. The rest were slaughtered in OPERATION:(CLASSIFIED) and OPERATION:(CLASSIFIED). Thom, Emile, Kat, Jun, and Carter were all pulled out of their companies into Spec Ops Command before the operations due to their respective skills, forming Noble Team. Kat, or Catherine-B320, is an expert engineer and computer specialist, unmatched at hacking or field repairs, favoring her M6G Magnum. Jun-A266 is the best scout sniper in the company, favoring the SRS99AM Sniper Rifle. Emile-A239 is a close quarter combat specialist, armed with a deadly kukri, a wicked curved Nepal knife and the M45 Tactical shotgun. Carter-A259 is the best leader, able to coax the best out of his men, favoring the M392 Designated Marksman Rifle. Thom was an airborne specialist at heart, preferring no weapon, being good with them all. "Gear up people, we're moving out," barks Carter.

Thom grabs his jetpack and clips it into its slot on his armor on his back and loops his rifle over his shoulder, pocketing clips in his utility belt and into his backpack. He clips 2 grenades to his support webbing and throws 6 more into his backpack. Shouldering his rifle, he follows his fellow Spartans out of the command center to the staging area, where two "Falcon" UH-144 Transports are spooling up their rotors. The nearest gunner gives Thom a thumbs up as he climbs into the troop bay and his stomach lurches as the Falcon rapidly ascends. Carter and Jun are sitting directly across him, Kat, Emile, and Jorge are in the other Falcon, with Kat and Carter being split up so that one shot won't take out the commanding officers.

"We're on the way to Firebase Lima, they reported a massive Covenant force inbound an hour ago and haven't been heard from since," Carter reported.

"Estimates?" asked Jun.

"About company sized strength or so of a mixed bag of the regulars." Carter answered.

"Excellent," quipped Emile, "more to go around."

"Just keep yourself together, I can't be saving your ass all the time," joked Kat.

"That was one time!" Emile complained.

Jorge stayed quiet throughout all the banter. Thom suspected he missed his team, no his family. He knew what it meant to be separated from his family and placed on a team with those who he didn't know. Kat was the only person he had known in the beginning, with him and Kat being the only reported survivors of Beta Company, besides Tom and Lucy, but those two had disappeared with the Lieutenant Commander immediately after they had been recovered. He grimaced at the thought of Tom and Lucy, reminding him of his family. Jerry. Holly. Tracy. All dead in the blink of an eye, vaporized in the factory detonation set off by Tom and Lucy. He didn't blame them, they had got the job done, no matter the cost. But still, that didn't mean he couldn't grieve for his family. Every op that Noble Team had been on, they had invariably lost one of their members. He wondered morbidly who would be the next casualty before shaking his head and readying himself for the battle to come.

End
file.